Evening Bulletin.

All through the dreary winter days, Some fragrant plants ceased not to grow

Enlivened by a hearth-fire's steady blaze, Where raddy con's defied the gelid gloom, Which outdoors did abound.

Quite lustily they throve, and seemed to steal. For increase, each pale sunbeam that down

The impress of that subtle charm which home

So gently girds around. Until the joyous springtime came apace, Ansar its mystle eshoes seemed to ring,

And Nature showed a bright and kindly face. So that the birds no longer feared to sing

Upon the budding boughs. Then there arrived a very busy day; The close-grouped plants were parted, lifted

forth And carried to a garden far away. All greenly beautiful, which towards the

north No prospect wide allows. Ah, much we missed the tender, leafy

acrees, The pretty blossoms 'gainst the window pane' Regretting then at first, we did not deem That only then departed had their reign, in very sooth, begun.

And here we see a likekness to the soul, Which dwells at best within a pleasant room, While bound to earth, yet ever lies its goal In Beglah's shining meads beyond the tomb, Where glows the Eternal Sun.

## TALL OF THE LEAF.

THORRAU. Far in the woods, these golden days,

Some leaf obeys its Maker's call; And through their hollow aisles it plays, With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall.

Gently withdrawing from its stem. It lightly lays itself along Where the same hand hath pillowed them, Resigned to sleep upon the old years' throng

The loullest birch is brown and sear, The farthest pool is strewn with leaves Which float upon their watery bier, Where is no eye that sees, no heart tha grieves.

# HEART AND CROSS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT

Author of "Kale Stuart;" "Young Musgrave;" "The Primrose Path;" "An Odd Couple;" etc

# CHAPTER XII.

"Now, if I had the luck to hold confidential talk with Maurice, I should have gone round the entire Harley famsaid I to myself, the next morning, "and be in the secret of sundry imaginations which have not seen the light of day—but Maurice, fortunately, is not likely to make my or any one else his confidante. I wonder if there is anything at all concerning him which it would be worth one's while to be curious about.

The question was solved sooner than I thought. When everybody had left our pleasant breakfast room but my-self, and I, with my little basket of keys in my hand, was preparing to follow. Maurice, who had been lingering by the great window, startled. Maurice started—rose use in the world by this time if you had lived among your brothers and sisters a widow's son." by the great window, startled me by by the great window, startled me by surprised exclamation of my name— that she had an intuition how it was asking for a few minutes' conversation, and then dropped into his chair again without saying anything. He did not annually the property of the proof of the pr tude. Curiosity, if not courtesy, made out of his face, but he kept his eyes me perfectly at leisure to hear anything down and did not look at me. I could he might have to say.

office," said Maurice: "I have had the supreme conceit and presumption of "Ask your friend to come and see supposing that I could perhaps plead you here," I said, after an awkward

"I trust I shall feel sufficiently flatsaid I, assuming the tone. "And pray who is the friend who has the advantage of your support, Maurice? and what does he want of me? The young man colored andoked lo affronted-he was highly sensitive to

ridicule. like all self-regarding men. 'Nay, pray don't convince me so distinctly of my folly before I start," made out only with difficulty, he said; "the friend is a college friend it was, "No more than is true. of mine, who was so absurd as to marry before he had anything to live on; comfortable feelings. I had not the a very good fellow, with—oh, don't be afraid—perfectly sound views, I assure man; quite the other way—for was not you, Mrs. Crofton, though he is ac quainted with me."

"I should think being acquainted fess I did not feel very self-complacent with you very likely to help a sensible man to sound views," said I, with tial interview in which I had oversome antural spite, thankful for the opportunity of sending a private arrow into him in passing: "and what does nevertheless, I was glad to see that your iriead want that I can help him Maurice was magnanimous—that he

man, and very ill." said Maurice, after a pause of offense; "Owen, my friend, has a curacy in Simonborough. I told point of view highly gratifying, made him I should venture—though of course | me but feel the more strongly that I sware I had not the slightest title to inaware I had not the slightest title to in-fluence you—to name him to Mrs. Crof-ceeded the margin of truthfulness and

ton, in case of anything happening."
"Aware that you have not the slightost title to influence me—that means, does it not, Maurice?" said I, "that you rather think you have some claim apon that Rectory at Estcourt, and that you magna imously resign it in favor of your friend? It was your father's-it is your mother's desire to that day with a little natural, but exof it vaguely all your life as a kind of effect" our conversation had upon inheritance, which you were at liberty | Maurice Harley. After I had got to accept or withdraw from; now, to be my own unpleasant sensations, I besure, we are very, very old friends-is not that plainly, and without any superfluity of words, what you mean?"

Maurice made a still longer pause— be was seized with the restlessness common to men when they are rather hard tested in conversation. He got up anawares, picked up a book off the nearest table, as if he meant to answer me by means of that, and then returned to his chair. Then, after a little further struggle, he laughed, growing very

red at the same time. "You put the case strongly, but I will not say you are wrong, he answored; after all, I believe, if it must be put into words, that is about how the thing stands; but of course, you know I am perfectly aware-

"We actly," said I; "we both understand it, and it is not necessary to en-' said I; "we both undertor further into that part of the subject; but now, tell me, Maurice, supposing your rights of natural success be perfectly acknowledged. why is it that you substitute another person, and postpone your own settle-

"My dear Mrs. Crofton," cried Mau- feelings lasted out the day.

life?-what would I not relinquish for for the attentions she had paid him, a faith as entire and simple as my friend Owen's? But that is my misfortune. I suppose my mind is not whole-somely constituted as other people's. I cannot believe so and so, just because I am told to believe it-I cannot shape my creed according to the received pat-tern. If I could, I should be but too happy; but que coulez-vous? a man cannot act against his convictions-against his nature.

"Nay, I assure you I am a very calm spectator," said I, "I would not have either one thing or another. I have not the least doubt that you will know better some day, and why should I concern myself about the matter?"

"Why, indeed?' echoed Maurice faintly; but he was mortified; he expected a little honor at the very least as his natural due, if not a womanish attempt at proselytizing. The discomfiture of my adversary was balm to my eyes—I was, as may be perceived, in a perfect-ly unchristian state of mind.

"And how then about yourself?— what do you mean to do?" asked I; "you what do you mean to do? asked 1; you are getting towards the age when men begin to think of setting up houses and families for themselves. Do you mean to be College Don all your life, Maurice? I fear that must be rather an unsatisfactory kind of existence; and one must take care, if that is the case. This was the good I had done himnot to ask any young ladies again to meet you-some one might happen to soriously, was the only seed that had be too captivating for your peace of mind-a Miss Reredos might cut a fellowship-such things have been even behold already its fructification. I with men of minds as original as your

"Mics Reredos! ah, she amuses herself!" said Maurice, with a conscious

"Yes, I think you are very well matched," said I, calmly. "you will not do her much harm, nor she inflict a very deep wound on your heart, but it might have happened differently. People as wise as yourself, when their turn comes, are often the most foolish in these concerns.'

"Ah, you forget that I am past youth," said Maurice; "you, Mrs. Crofton, have made a private agreement, I suppose, with the old enemy, but I have no such privilege-I have done with that sort of thing long ago. However, about Owen, it I may remind you, is there anything to say?"

"Somebody asked me for the living not to his fascinations, but to the deluof Estcourt when your father lay dying: I was younger then, as you say—I was deeply horrified," said I. "We must wait." sion of believing that she had fascinated him, and that the name of the Fellow of Exeter was that evening inscribed upon her large list of victims; but,

"Ah, yes; but my father was a man in the prime of life, and this is an old Johnnie; I suppose his youthful adorman, whom even his own family can ation was something new and sweet to not expect to live long," said Maurice:
"but, of course, if you do not like it I have not anyother word to say.'

"Ah, Maurice," said I, forgetting for a moment the personage who sat before me, and thinking of Dr. Harley's death-bed, and the lacation children so helpless and dependent on other people's judgment, "your father was a good man, but he had not the heart to live after he lost his fortune. and your mother is a good woman, but she had not the heart to bring you up poorly and bravely in your own home. They are my dear friends, and I dare speak of them even to you. Why did she send you to that idle uncle of yours, to be brought up in idleness?you big, strong, indolent man! What is the good of you, though you are a Fellow of the Exeter? You might have been of some use in the world by this

not tell whether he was angry-I had

with you, Mrs. Crofton, the cause of a little pause, "say, Mr. Crofton and I friend."

will be glad if he will dine with us begore you go-perhaps, to-morrow, Maurice, and that will leave him time was curate, among the multitude of divines congregated about the cathe-dral, was as hard to find or make any to get home on Saturday-and we will think about it should the living of Estcourt fall vacant. Forgive me, continued, as I rose to go away, "said more than I ought to have said." He took my hand and wrung it with an emphatic pressure; what he said I made out only with difficulty, I think

And I left him with somewhat un-I a woman and an illiterate person and he, Fellow of his College? I conwas like to forgive me-and that possi-The Rector of Estcourt is an old bly there were elements of better things disagreeableness which is not allowed towards one's guests, and in one's own house.

# CHAPTER XIII.

It may be allowed to me to confess that I watched during the remainder of gan to flatter myself, with natural vanity, that perhaps I might have "done him good." I had an inkling that it was absurd, but that made very little difference, and I acknowledge that I felt quite a new spur and stimulus of interest in the young man. I listened to his chance observations during the day with an atten ion which I had nevor before bestowed upon them. For the moment, instead of simple impatience of his indolence, and virtuous, good for nothingness, I began to sympathize somewhat in the lamenting admiration of his friends that so much talent should be lost to the world. Altogether, in my capacity of hostess to Maurice, I was for that day a reformed and pentent person, full of compune tion for my offense. I am obliged to confess, however, that there was no corresponding change upon my guest. only means I see of bringing him back Maurice demeaned himself that day exactly as he had done the day before-was as superior, and critical, and indifferent, as much above the common uses of life and motives of humanity as he had ever been. Still, my penitential feelings lasted out the day, and it was "Oh, I do not mean anything grand; of putting aside its own overpowering memories that it may offer the stranger a smiling welcome, in its faux air of feelings lasted out the day, and it was smiling, "and the daily bread, and the vernal brightness and promise, suffusrice, restored to himse'f by the question and the day, and it was other mouths that have to cat it. I ing the warm partician flucaments, tion I was would have give to be able laying him of out to charm and capti dare say, even yourself, who seem to which tells so plainly, nevertheless, the case, it make that call, religious vate Miss dereles, and make up to her standing to a lanced as Mantice, have

found out something in the pleasant jingle you were talking of—of Mrs. Owen's basket of keys." that I detected myself in the simple-minded vanity of expecting to have "done him good." The flirtation that

evening was so evident, and Maurice threw himself so much more warmly

into it than on any former occasion,

that we, the spectators, were all roused

to double observation. Johnnie sat be-

hind the little table in the corner, with

tain gleam of boyish malice and tem

per in his eye.
"You know we are very well match-

ed, and I cannot do her much harm,'

this, out of a conversation which ended

remained in that fertile and productive

soil, the mind of Maurice Harley, and

went back to my seat and sat down speechless. I was inexpressibly angry

and mortified for the moment. To be

sure, it was a little private and person

al vanity which made the special sting

Yet he had been unquestionably moved by my candid opinion of him, in which

very little admiration was mingled with

As for Johnnie, having been taken in-to his confidence, I was doubly alive to

the feelings with which he watched his

brother. Miss Reredos managed ad-

mirably well between the lover real and

the make-believe, her vanity being of course in play even more decidedly than anybody else's. I believe she was quite deceived by the sudden warmth of Maurice. I believe the innocent

oung woman fell captive in an instant,

potwithstanding, she would not give up

the experienced young lady-the abso-

luteness of his trust in her and admira-tion of her was delicious to the pretty

coquette, with whom warier men were

on their guard. Over Johnnie she was absolute, undisputed sovereign—he

was ready to defy the whole world in

her behalf, and disown every friend he had at her bidding. Such homage,

even from a cripple, was too sweet to be parted with. Somehow, by means of those clever eyes of hers, even while at the height of her flirtation with Mau-

rice, she kept Johnnie in hand, propitat

ed, and calmed him. I don't know

how it is donc-I don't think Alice

knew either; but I am not sure that a

certain instinctive perception of the manner of that skillful double move-

ment did not come natural to Clara

Sedgwick, and stimulate her disgust

at the proceeding. If she had not been married so early and been so happy a

little flirt herself-who knows? I saw

that she had an intuition how it was

useful training for gurls. "If these poor children should turn out flirts,

Clare!" she cried, in dismay. To be

sure, Emmy, the pretty one, was only ten and a half—but still if education

could hinder such a catastrophe, there

Mr. Owen came to dinner next day,

young man, younger than Maurice and

note of as the famous needle in the

bundle of hay. And it is very proba-

ble that he was not a brilliant preacher

or noted for any gifts in parti ular; but

I liked the honest, manful young fellow

who was not ashamed either to do his

work or to talk of it when occasion call

ed-nor afraid to marry upon his mi-

nute income, nor to tell me with a pass

ing blush and happy laugh, which be-came him, what a famous little house

keeper his wife was, and what fun they

had over her economies. Maurice heard and smiled—calm, ineffable, su-

perior-and wished he could only sub-

mit his unhappily more enlightened mind to a simple faith like Owen's.

And Owen, on his part, was respectful of the dainty disbelieves, and took off

his hat to that skepticism, born of idle-

ness and an unoccupied mind for which

, in my secret heart, for skeer impa-

tience and disgust, could have whipped the Fellow of Exeter. Mr. Owen was

as respectful of it as if that pensive

negation had been something actual and of solemn importance. He shook

his head and talked to me mysteriously

of poor Harley. Maurice had rather distinguished himself at college before

he sank into fellowship. His old com-panions who were of the same standing

were a little proud of his scholarly at-

tainments. "He could be anything if he chose," they said to themselves; and because Maurice did not choose, his

capabilities looked all the grander.

Owen was quite a partisan of Harley. "What a pity it was!" the honest fel

At which juncture I struck the ex

cellent young man dumb and breathless by uttering aloud a fervent desire and

prayer that by some happy chance Mau-rice should fall in love.

Mr. Owen looked at me for a momen

thunderstruck, the words of his forme

sensible sentence hanging half formed about his lips; then, when he had re-covered himself a little, he smiled and

in a female preacher? No doubt they are irresistible—but not in matters of

doctrine, perhaps."
"No such thing," said I. "I have no confidence in female preachers or religious courtship; but apart from the intense satisfaction which I own I should

have in seeing Maurice make, as peo-ple say a fool of himseif, that is the

"To life! 'said my new acquaintance,

with a lively look of interrogation.

'You have so much confidence

could but get right views-"

low said.

said:

with such a mind, if he

a handred times more agreeable.

was certainly no time to be lost.

according to my invitation.

little wife, Clara might have b

vanity as well?

The young man blushed once more that slight passing color of happiness, and answered gravely, yet with a smile; "It is true, I see what you mean—and it is very possible, indeed—but," he added, stopping abruptly, and looking at his friend, who was in the full tide of fiirtation with Miss Reredos, "Mrs.

his stereoscope before him, blazing the wildest rage out of his half-hidden eyes Crofton, look there!"
I shook my head. "Nothing will come of it," said I; "they are amusing upon his brother, and sometimes quite trembling with passion. Alice moved about with a little indignant dilation themselves."

of her person and elevation of her head —half out of regard to the honor of her "sex," which Miss Reredos, she suppos-Condign punishment came upon my head almost as I spoke; I turned my head incautiously and Johnnie and ed, was compromising, and half out of "Amusing themselves!" cried Johnnie shame and annoyance at the "infatu-

ation" of her brother. And not quite knowing what this new fervor might hissing the words into my ear in a whisper. "Amusing! do you suppose whisper. "Amusing! do you suppose that it is anything but her angel-sweetness, Mrs. Crofton, that makes her so ferbearing with Maurice—my brother! I adore her for it," cried (but in a whisper) the deluded boy.

"Amusing themselves!" cried Alice, raising her head: "and you can say so, portend, I took an opportunity, as I passed by Maurice's chair, to speak to him quietly.
"Is Miss Reredos, then, to be more attractive than the fellowship?" I said, lingering a moment as I passed. Maurice looked up at me with a cer-

Mrs. Crofton. Oh, I am ashamed to think a woman should forget herself so strangely; I could forgive anything— almost anything," said Alice correct-ing herself with a blush, "which really sprang from true strong feeling; but flirting—amusing themselves! Oh, Mrs. Crofton!"

dear child, it is not my fault, said I; "I have no hand in the matter

either one way or the other. "Yes, that is true," said Alice, with that lively impatience and disinclination to suffer a dear friend to rest in an opinion different from her own, which have felt myself and understood perfeetly, "but you will not see how un worthy it is-how dishonoring to wo That is what wounds me. "Is it not dishonoring to men as well? the regret-but had I not piqued his Two are playing at it, and the other creature is accountable likewise. Are

you not concerned for the credit of your sex?" said I. turning to Owen.

The young curate laughed, Alice blushed and looked deeply affronted, and Johnnie, turning all the fury of his jealually upon ma looked as if it. his jealously upon me, looked as if it would have pleased him to do me some bodily harm. Well, well, one can bear all that—and I am happy to say that I think I accelerated distantly and humbly by this said conversation the

## coming on of Maurice Harley's fate. To be continued.

Something to Talk About. It was in the concert room. The assembled ladies and gentlemen were waiting the beginning of the entertainment. Presently a very pretty young woman entered the hall, walked the main aisle, and took her seat near the front row.

"By George!" exclaimed a young man; "that's a mighty pretty girl!"
"Perfect masher," said his friend sententiously.
"Did you see how she looked at me?

asked the first. "At you!" replied his epigrammatic riend. "Didn't I catch her eye three friend.

"A pretty dress pattern," observed a But did you notice how awfully hung?" asked a second fair critic.
"Blue and green!" sneered a third:

"She's got nice hair," remarked Mr. "Wonder how much of it is her own!"

responded his wife. "That dress must have cost as much as four dollars a yard," was the comment of a young lady in the next seat.
"For my part I den't see why folks want to rig out so at a concert," said the young lady's mether; "nobody the young lady's mether; "nobody and the young lady is mether; "nobody and the young lady is mether to be re-"That dress must have cost as much lady's mother: would do it that was anybody.

"Why, ma," replied the daughter. "I think she's just splendid. I wish I had a dress just like it." "She's got a nomely nose," remarked a lady with a nasal appendage like a

cheese knife. "I always notice noses, you know." "Altogether too tall," was the re-mark of Mrs. B., a perfect dump of a woman by the way.

"A beautiful complexion," remarked Mr. C .: "clear red and white "Hump! That's easy enough," said Mrs. C., exchanging with her female friend a pitying smile at her lord and master's simplicity.

"I wonder how old she is." said a lady across the aisle. "Not a day under tweaty-five." was

the reply from her interlocutor. "Twenty-five!" was the contemptu ous comment of the other. "She will never see thirty again. Who wouldn't look young with all that rigging on?" "She will It is just possible that the speaker thought that she herself would look young with "that rigging" on; but it did no: seem probable to an unpreju-diced observer. "She's a brazen-faced thing anyway," said a woman in one of the back seats. "Prancing way down front, just to show her finery "Did you see that hat?" asked a young lady, decked out in a flaunty head-gear. "All the colors of the rain-

"Who is she, I wonder?" asked an inquisitive lady.
"I don't know," was the reply; "nobody in particular, I guess. She's not

one of our set." At this juncture the music began, and what other commentaries were passed upon the young woman were lost in the

But wasn't it kind in her to give so many good people something to talk

#### Early Spring in Rome. October Atlantic.

Every phase of light and shade, every charge of wind and weather is such that its like would be haile! at home as a harbinger of Spring. The tramon-tana blows and blusters as if animated by a perverse intent to baffle the dazzling sunshine, but we never take it seriously. It is only a wind of March to us, boisterous because so fu'l of wakeful vitality, with no fierce earnest lurking under its wanton play. Anon the sky darkens and the soirocco sighs, and then we think of the April showers that bring forth May flowers, and are well content to feel the warm breath, and wait in the temporary shadow. Here, indeed, the May flowers are perennial. The brown grass of the sad Elysian fields outside the city is perpetually starred with daisies, the pansies never fail from the garden beds, nor the monthly roses from the mossy wall. And here, precisely, lies the distinctive charm of the Roman lands ape—in its profound urbanity in the midst of its desolation, in the way it seems to have

long accomplished—of an artificial composure, never perhaps to be dis-turbed again before the final estastro-

The real Spring, when it comes, is but a higher light, lifted by softest gra-dations from this gracious background. There is no sudden burst of life and blassom, none of the astonishment and ecstasy of Spring in more northern lat-itudes. The sentiment of mingled rap-ture and pain which is crowded into a few memorable days with us is here diffused and extended into the tender mood of many weeks; and we neither know nor care just when the almond trees upon the Aventine became like puffs of thin white smoke, or the billows of jessamine boughs that crest the boundary of the Celonna gardens awoke from their short rest, and began eathering into light green spray.

### Progress in England. English Woman's Journal.

The married woman's property passed by Parliament Aug. 18, and confirmed by the signature of the Queen, is to take effect on Jan. 1st, 1883. This act is properly called, by the progressive people, the English woman's magna charta. By virtue of this act, a married woman will be caposing of her property by will, or in all other ways as freely as if she were a single woman. Power to enter into contract; to sue and be sued; to stand alone as plaintiff or defendant in any action at law; to hold as her own any damages or coals recovered by a suit; to pay out of her own separate property any damages or costs that may be recovered against her: then with all other financial responsibilities that heretofore have been confined to the condition of single blessedness, will hereafter pertain to the married es-tate. Of course, with the privileges of a recognized individuality, come the responsibilities, and hereafter all debts incurred by a wife must be paid from her separate property. This is per-haps after all the highest privilege which women will gain by the new bill. To be regarded as perpetually a minor, to be held financially as irre sponsible as an infant, is morally ener vating. Of course the discussion of this act brought to the front numerous representatives of the class who in ev cry amelieration of woman's condition see signs of a social revolution. Sir S. Campbell protested vehemently against the bill in the name of all 'poor married men," who, he said, would be reduced to abject penury and pecuniary dependence most galf-ing to manhood," by a law permitting their wives to hold separate estates, etc. The language of the protest shows the gentleman's inabinty to un-derstand that a position so galling to manhood had not been less irksome to womanhood. The bill passed at last by an overwhelming majority.

The leading newspaapers seem to perceive the great significance of the bill. The London "Times" concludes an approving comment thus: "Measures which effect the family economy are apt to be epoch-making; and prob-ably when the most talked of bills of the session are forgotten, this obscure measure may be bearing fruit." An-other says: "More important to every man-and for that matter, to every wo man too-in the three kingdoms than the tactics of Sir Garnett Wolseley is an act of Parliament passed in the session just adjourned Had the session produced nothing else save the

# "This act shall not ex:end to Scot-

# Why Bill Nye Wept.

ie Boomerang. In justice to ourself we desire to d us and placed us in a false posihe early part of last week, we were taken for a peanutter, and otherwise ill-treated at the railroad eating corral and o nelette emporium, and that in consequence of such treatment we shed great scalding tears as large as water-melons. This is not true. We did shed the tears as above set forth, but

not because of ill-treatment on the part of the eating-house proprietor. It was the presence of death that broke our heart and opened the fountains of our great deep, so to speak. When we poured the glucose syrup on our pancakes, the stiff and cold remains of a large beetle and two cunning little twin cockroaches fell out into our plate, and lay there hushed in an

eternal repose.

king of terrors is to us the mighty sovereign before whom we must all bow, from the mighty emperor down to the meanest slave, from the railroad sup-erintendent, riding in his special car, down to the humblest humorist, all alike must some day curl up and die. This saddens us at all times, but particularly so when death with his relentless lawn mower has gathered the young and innocent. This was the case where two little twin cockroaches, whose lives had been upright, and whose years had been unclouded by wrong and selfishness, were called upon to meet death together. In the stillness of the night, when others slept, these little, affectionate twins crept into the

glucose syrup and died. We hope no one will misrepresent and sobbed until the tablecloth was wet for four feet and the venerable hand was floating around in tears. It was not for ourself, however, that we wept. death and are brought in close contact with it. And we were not the only one that shed tears. Other men wept, strong as they were. Even the butter wept Strong as it was it could not control its emotions.

We don't very often answer a news-paper attack, but when we are accused of weeping till people have to take of their boo's and wring out their socks, we want the public to know what it is for.

"No, papa, I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, chew, snuff, go out nights, gamble, bet, over-eat, etc.; in short, a man with no vices, and one who is always good." "My daughter," said Mr. Dusenberry, "you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

When you have learned how to live vell, you will know how to die well. Be not sorry if men do not know you, but he sorry if you are ignorant of men. dare say, even yourself, who seem to which tells so plainly, nevertheless, the Not to correct our faults is to commit at haced as Maurice, have take of a life lived out and a destiny new ones.

## OCEAN TELEPHONES.

Great Scheme in Which New York's

It is learned from the most reliable sources in New York that a novel, and indeed stupendous, project is at present occupying the attention of a number of renowned electricians and capitalists, both here and in Europe—viz., the es-tablishment of a system of telephonic communication between America and Europe by means of sub narine cables now in course of construction, and which will be peculiarly suited to that purpose. At first glance, the scheme of establishing speaking communica-tion between the two hemispheres ap-peared so chimerisal that a "Star" repeared so chimerisal that a "Star" re-porter ventured to expressed a doubt on the subject; but further inquiries convinced him that not only had the plan been put into practical shape, but an ocean telephone company had al-ready been granted privileges by the French authorities, and that a repre-sentative of the concern was now in sentative of the concern was now in New York to further its interests. The company includes among its leading members several of New York's largest and most influential bankers and capitalists. So far, the projectors of the scheme have been successful in keeping the matter out of the public prints. These gentlemen do not intend to let the stock of the concern get on the it ourselves as the fowls do, for we have market here, but rather to work it no grist-mill inside of our bodies as through a syndicate. After diligent inquiries, it was learned that already a leading Wall street banking house has become officially identified with the scheme, and is now on the list of subscribers to the amount of \$10,000 worth of shares. Quiet experiments have succeeded in demonstrating that the human voice can be distinctly hear! at least one thousand miles, and the in- ber of quite large stones, and between ventor of the submarine system proposes to apply a new system of repeatives which will render transmission over any distance at sea as easy as on land. While investigating the marvelous future of the telephone, by ventor of the submarine system provelous future of the telephone, which one man in New York will enabled to converse with another at Vienna, London or St. Petersburg, the reporter incidentally obtaine I som sion of the ramifications of of the elec-tric light. Edison, in his retirement, has evidently had sufficient time to still further extend the uses of his new discoveries. For that nursees a new sion of the ramifications of of the elecdiscoveries. For that purpose a new company has been organized, with its headquarters in London, by which the I am quite sure that most of my natives of the far east are to enjoy this luxury. The company's field of operations will extend to China, Japan and Australia. Already one of the best electricians in England has been sent electricians in England has been sent out to Sydney, to begin operations and the Australian business population is said to be quite enthusiastic over their prospective acquisition of the great illuminator. The stock of this company, which is placed chiefly upon the pany, which is placed chiefly upon the company, which is placed chiefly upon the company, which is placed chiefly upon the company to go there and the company to go the company prospective acquisition of the great illuminator. The stock of this com-pany, which is placed chiefly upon the English and European markets, is held at £5, and has alraidy been taken up. A few days ago Mar. Edison, it is said. remarked that before many weeks, the price would run up to \$100. That here have been vast fortunes realized recently in electric stock speculations there can be no doubt. Among the lucky investors in the stocks or shares x-Pos:master-General James is spo ken of as having made a quick for tune. He purchased some five thou

#### How Bixlo Solved a Problem. San Francisco Argenaut.

sand shares of Beil telephone stock, as

the saying is, "for a mere song," and sold out when they reached the magnificent figure of \$600 per share.

Dumas and Gaillardet fought a duel It was in 1834. They fought with pistols at fifty paces, advancing to fifteen

paces, and firing at will after the word Neither was touched. Although both desired to continue the duel, the seconds, being of the regulation French stripe, refused to allow it. All but one-Bixio. This gentleman tion before the public. It has stated was a good deal like Dr. Slammer, of that while at Rock Creek station, in the 79th. He besought Dumas (who

was an excellent shot), to kill Gaillardet at the first shot.— 'not that I have any feeling againsi him,' quoth Bixio, "but I have heard that every man receiving a fatal gun-shot wound turns around before he falls. I would like to know if it be irue—purely from a sci-entific standpoint. Kill him please." But Gaillardet lived until 1882.

And how with Bixio? During the evolution of 1848 he was leading a charge against a barricade in Rue Soc A ball fired from a houseton struck him in the shoulder, passe through his lungs, making a wound fif teen inches long, and came out near the Bixio leaped convul 'rely into

air spun around three times, and fell his face. "It is true—they do turn," he mut-tered, as the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. He had solved the problen

#### The Dear Old Style of Flag Oratory. Lara nie Boomerang.

Among the multitudinous changes resulting from the ever shifting years, in the past century there may are a fast people. We dince the poor Indian than does his simple the poor Indian than does his simple mill from the vast "flouring factories" in many of our large cities. We not only do things on a grand scale, but we do the work well. It would be hard for us to go back and live as our fathers and grandfathers did 50 years ago. he keen observer will notice that with We hope no one will misrepresent this matter. We did weep, and we are not ashamed to own it. We sat there has had its effect even upon Congress. The original style of speaking to the manly and independent voter in clarion tones, of national wrongs and personel rights; of grim-visaged war and white Swiss muslin peace; and strike till the last armed foe expires; and No unkindness on the part of an eat-ing house ever provoked such a torna-do of woe. We just weep when we seed paralyzed be the arm that would not the paralyzed be the arm that would not be the arm t and slash and scatter the grim bat-ysments with gore at the call of freeom, etc., etc., et cetera, has given place to a calm, cool calculation of what the result of a certain policy will what the result of a certain policy will be in dollars and cents. The dear old flag and the land of the free and the home of the brave and the Patrick Henry style of rin-sporting eloquence. Henry style of rip-snorting eloquence has given place to the all-absorbing topic of how will the blamed thing pan out as a financial venture? Business is business is now the working motto of America, and comes into play far more frequently than "e pluribus unum," or "vive le roi," terra firma," "habeas corpus," and other oratorical flourishes that used to be frequent in Congress.

"Pray," said Mr.—— to a gentleman he overtook on the road, "will
you have the complaisance to take my
great coat in your carriage to town?"
"With great pleasure, my dear sir; but
how will you get it again?" "Oh,
very easily," replied the modest applicant, "I shall stay in it."

Said a Denver man to his friend, the
clargyman: "My dear fellow, you
must really let up on driving fast horses and frequenting variety shows.
There's a heap of scandal floating
round about you!" And the clergyman replied: "Is there? Oh joy!
That's what I've been working for! I
shall have some audiences now!"

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

BE HELPEUL.

Your hands may be small, but every day They can do something that's good as play; They can help mother, and she'll be glad

If all the children would think to-day Of helping mother, as all of them may, They'd bring in water and wood, and do A dozen things she would like them to.

For, though hands are small and though years are few. There's always something that they can do To help the mothers and make them glad,

Remember that, little lass and lad. So help your mothers about their work; Don't wait for asking-don't try to shirk, Do just the best that you can, and she Will say: "What a help are my dears to me."

## Farming for Boys.

By a Farmer Boy. In my last words to you something was said about threshing the grain, and I promised to make some notes about another great change which the wheat, etc., must undergo before it is ready for the table. After the grain is threshed it must be ground. We can not eat the hard grain whole and grind without gizzards, and as they are "grinding machines" we must make our grain into a fine state in some other way. A hen's gizzard, as many of you know from the seeing, contains a num-

animals than hens grind theirs.

At the present time the grinding of the grain is done in mills. Some of these mills are small, and being situateresting information as to the exten- ted on the bank of a small stream, are

ent from the way that larger and wiser

readers have been to mill, and it is not necessary for me to describe in every particular how the grain is made into flour. When I was a boy I lived about a mile from a "flouring mill" that was situated on the bank of a rapid flowing never grew tiresome to go there and see the great wheels turn and see the belts and "cluntons" moving, to see the millers all white with flour, and even go down and see the great waterwheel in the dismal room below. The grain that was brought passed in at the front door and was afterwards put in a hopper, from which it ran down between two stones, where it was ground to a fine powder; it there passed into a sifter and the fine white part, the flour, was separated from the bran and coarse

portion Many of the mills are not situated on or by streams of water, and some other force than falling water is used to run the wheels, stones, belts, etc. Steam mills are common, and in these an en gine is to be found. Some mills that do not have enough water during the iry season of Summer have an engine to use at such times. Some cities are famous for their flouring mills, such as Rochester, N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., and others where wheat is shipped in and ground in vast mi.ls and the flour put in barrels and sent to market by the car-load and train-load daily. Things are done on a grand scale now-adays, and this leads me to glance at the slow and tedious methods employed

of other people to grind their grain.

In Mexico, for example, the grain is ground "by hand." There is a large stone upon which a handful of grain is placed and is crushed and ground by means of a "rubbing stone." This is means of a "rubbing stone." This is very slow work, and as a friend of mine who has lived in Mexico for some time has said: "The Mexicans are not a provident people, but live from hand to mouth," there is seldom any flour on hand, but if breakfast or any other meal is to be prepared the woman starts with the arain and has to make the flour before any bread or cakes can be baked." This would be pretty hard for us if we had to wait for our cakes or bread in the morning until the grain was ground—we should get nervous, to say the least. Do you think so? This slow method of making flour is

in use in some of the old countries, where the people are ignorant and do not know of the rapid and fine ways we have to grind our grain. The Indians, when the white man found them a few centuries ago, raised their corn and ground it by a sor, of a stone mortar with a stone pestle, and did their grinding in much the same way that

If we have made so much progress in the last half century what shall we see at the close of the next 50 years? Greater things than now it is very natural to expect. It is for the boys and girls of this rising generation to carry on the good work, and nowhere can they do it so well as on the thousands of farms that are spread all over this broad land of ours. There they can grow the grain, thresh it hy machinery and send it to the great mills to be where. The first occupation of manit must also be the last. It is safe and its rewards are sure.

Young Man (wishing young lady to I've been trying to raise a mustache for the last two weeks." Young lady: "I am sorry you had it shaved off be-fore I saw it." Young man faints.

Said a Denver man to his friend, the